

SOBER
REFLECTIONS,
OR, A
Solid Confutation
Of Mr. *Andrew Marvel's*
WORKS.
In a Letter
Ab IGNOTO ad IGNOTUM.

Por un Ruin Ruin y Medio.



LONDON,
Printed for H. H. Am. Dom. 1674.

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REFLECTIONS

OR A

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OF Mr. Andrew Marvel's

WORKS

IN A LETTER

TO THE READER

By the Author



LONDON

Printed for H. H. and J. D. in 1744



SOBER
REFLECTIONS,

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A Solid Confutation of Mr. A. M's late
WORKES.

In a Letter, Ab Ignoto ad Ignotum.



Arvel of *Marvells*, for that is the Character given you by a certain sort of Impertinent People who love mischief; Mischief your *Mi-nion Medium*, which like a rich vein runs through the heart of all your *Syllogismes*, to the utter impoverishing of their Consequences; for, from a vicious medium (as unfledg'd a Logician as you are) you may Cock-sure, infer, there must necessarily follow a vile consequence.

But, how defective soever you are in your *Syllogismes*, you make ample satisfaction; nay, you supererrogate.

pererrogate in your *Dilemma's*, they are as surprizing as a *Wellsb-hook*, with Pull her to her, push her from her; or like a Rope and Butter, if th'one slip, t'other will be sure to hold. Your Similitudes are most apposite and unparallel'd, *V. G.* even as a Wheelbarrow goes rumble-dee, rumble-dee, so my Lord Mayor owes me Five hundred pounds. Your Examples are without example; for Quibbles you are the very word-pecker of word-peckers, and for Rhetorical flourishes (like a *Whifler* before a Morris-dance) you carry it away from them all with flying-colours, your Workes being most artificially set forth and beautified with choice pieces of Poetry, like a Cow-turd stuck with Gillyflowers, most dexterously inter-woven with Natural Experiments; most richly embroidered with Theological Notions; most magnificently Tapestry'd with Reasons of State, hanging down in Clusters like bunches of Grapes; and most prodigiously stuff'd with Witty Conceits, thicker than Cloves in a Gammon of Bacon at *Easter*. Your Stile is for the most part smooth and insinuating, yet happily diversified here and there with Jirks and short Girds, as if you had a spice of the Stringhalt: although in your Clauses and Parentheses you are as unhoopable as if you stood with one leg at *Dover* and the other at *Calais*.

But, to make up more roundly to you, and to enumerate your Metaphysical parts, were not comparisons Odoriferous, I would play you off, for Cases of Conscience and Knotty points of Divinity, to *Hugh Peters*.

Peters himself: Yea, you have with the same Phariſaical Devotion, as liberally communicated your Spiritual Talent, yet I would not adviſe you to follow the Precedent too far, leſt you fall again into the Clutches of Father *Gregory*, &c. *Mum's* the Word, you underſtand me. As for your Morality, I am unwilling to harp too much on that ſtring; thou Man of *Morals* ſeek ſeverity elſewhere, I dare not be thy caution. I muſt confeſs it is enough to throw any man into a Fit of the Staggers to reflect upon your Confidence: that you who have been your ſelf firſt Graduated at *Billingſgate*; and afterwards Civiliz'd in *Barbary* (your own Writings are ſufficient Evidence) that you, to whom railing is as natural as habitual; a property belonging to you (*quarto modo*) ſhould have ſo cauteriz'd a Conſcience as to brand your Adverſary without having the leaſt regard to his Function, with Petulancy, want of Humanity, &c. and this you modeſtly term onely a competent ſtock of Ill-Nature, which you alwayes carry about you, as abſolutely neceſſary to ſelf-preservation, leſt you ſhould be found *felo de ſe*; *riſum teneatis Amici*? Is not this a pleaſant companion?

How it tickles my fancy to think what a general Jubilee there would be, and how unmercifully it would edifie with your Party, to ſee you ſet Doctor-Cathedratics in a Cucking ſtool, Lording it over your Female-Auditory, the Water-Nymphs of *Wapping*, Magiſterially maintaining your polemical Arguments and Debates, & *tanquam ex Tripode*, pronouncing

ring your Oracles concerning the Power of Princes; the Liberty of the Subject; the Authority of the Magistrate; the Obedience of the People; the Duty of the Prelates and Pastors unto their Flock; *cum multis alijs*: And, when you have tired your Auditors as well as your Readers, with your frequent Tautologies upon the same Subject, 'tis but thisting your leg in your Gallop (lest you fall into a Dog-trot) and changing your Text, all will do well I'll warrant you.

Y^e faith never leave them so (like Sir Martin Marra) when ones hand's once in there's no giving over, one Lesson more on the Lute, and then let them ring the Bell, vociferat, and proclaim unto them, with Mouth as wide as Oyster-womens, who stand gaping at you like their Oysters, that now they are to expect Prodigies. Preach unto them the Wonders of the Deep, and in Confirmation of your Doctrine, let them see that you can at the very first plunge descend Doctor-Dodypole, and rise up again sous'd Gurnet: This Metamorphose will doubtlesly work with them like the shavings of an Elder-stick scrap'd upwards and downwards. Yet, for all that, before you can have shak'd your eares, they will have re-setled their stomachs, and then they will set out their Throats afresh, and be hawling for a new Frolick, gratifie them once more with a Cast of your Office, convince them that you can out-dive *Greterix*, play me the Dy-dapper featly, dive me below Bridge, and rise up again *vis vis de Lambeth*, that your Adversary may see, *mal gre*
all

all his endeavours, you still bear your head above water; nor can all the water in the *Thames*, though at spring-tide, cool your courage, no more than it can wash your foul-mouth clean; *dico hoc febris tristitia*: I must unbutton my bosome, it is a very foul Mouth indeed, I speak not in the least to flatter, but as it is really my opinion.

Mais a la Guerre, a la Guerre, Summon forth the Foe to a Sea-fight, let him know you came not thither to fish for Tadpoles, *Allens courage de Tripes Corazon*; he shall find you *per Mare per terras semper idem, in utrumque paratus*. What though you are neither Flesh nor Fish, nor good Red-herring, your Adversary is not used to Otter-hunting, never fear him Man, let him come if he dare: Oh happy if he come not, he shall soon be taught what it is to meddle with any of the Race of *Dametas* hereafter.

Thus may you, by these heroical achievements, dub your self Metropolitan Knight-Erntant of this Age, *filium Miracula Memphis*; no more let the fabulous relations of Monstrous Whales be read, their coming up the River will seem to portend little, when so stupendious a God-head as yours has been seen as high as *Lambeth*; 'Tis you will be the *super mundi*, and swell our *Almanacks* with strange Pregnosticks.

And now, *Marinated Sir*, having thus generously maintained your Amphibious valour, *Hixius Donina* reconveigh your self ('tis done in the twinkling of a Bedstaffe) unto the sweet Society of the Sisters of the

the Boolding Sodality the Countess of Puddle-dock,
they will receive you with this cheerful Antyphon,

Welcome Cloris to the Shore,

Thou shalt go to Sea no more.

You'll find them so tenderly officious, that both the
fore and hinder part of a Shift shall be at your ser-
vice, for the rubbing your Politick Pragmatical Pate.
But, what think you now of a comfortable impor-
tance? I am afraid in this critical minute you would
be found *minus habens*, and when once a man pleads
non solvens, it is high time to put up his Pipes and go
to sleep: And so for a while I will leave you to
your rest; but, when you have been well rub'd and
scrub'd, and sub'd, my dainty fine Don, we'll play
tother party at Tennis, or Bandy a Ball or two and
part fairly.

Bonjour, bonjour Monsieur; What, infected with
your Adversaries disease, a dull lazy distemper? a
Cheval, a *Cheval*, I hope I have not wak'd you too
early; you'll be froward all the day after, *Naturam ex-
pellas furca licet*; well now we are upon *Terra firma*
again, What shall we be at next? not Controversy
I beseech you, *Pruritus disputandi scabies Ecclesie*.
Besides, I believe you are no more a slave to Princi-
ples of Religion (here I confess my self a Plagiary)
then you are to the *Venetian Gallies*: and, when once
such murtherous Monsieurs as you (I speak onely as to
your Politick Capacity) for I know you are a Gentle-

man descended from the *Stand-ups* by your Father, and the *Stradlings* by your Mother: When such Mounrebanks shall Pirk up upon the Stage, and pretend to impose upon *Church and State*, we need not consult Mr. Conjuror *Lilly*; there would be no star Y^e faith for the Gentry and Nobility of *England*, no more than there would be for the Clergy. That Parish must needs be well Govern'd where the Devil is Constable, I confess my self as to the Politicks *Ὅτις μεγάλ' ἀπάρ*: Yet, it may be worth your observation, that though by the Act of Oblivion our sins were forgiven us, yet we are not warranted by it to forget our selves: The Parish-Priest ought to remember that once he was a Clerk. It is not now as when *Andreas* liv'd. Is it possible you should be such a Goliath as you make your self? that, like a Fly in a Dung-cart you raise such clouds of dust, that to allay them there must be summon'd in the whole *posse Archidiaconatus* of a Province. Is it *fide dignum* that the whole *posse-Comitatus* of the County should be on foot, and that there should not be one Man found who dare cry Boh to a Goose. *Αὐτὸς Περρὸς κοῦ ἐσσοῦς βουεσσὸς*. If you impose at this rate, you will come to put false Nine-pins upon us at last. Sure you imagine that in this Iron-Age men have Estrich stomachs, and can digest any thing, otherwise you would not hold forth such bold *Paradoxes*, as that there can be a Calumny-Office erected, and you not the sole Monopolist; or, that to be your Antagonist is the most dexterous cheap, and legal way of *Simony*.

These are, I profess, Mysteries not calculated for my Meridian, they leave me groveling in the dark. I am so thick-skull'd I cannot apprehend, that to be your Antagonist, should qualify a man for a Paritor, much less advance him to a fat Benefice. 'Tis luck is all, Winter or Summer, should it rain Benefices, 'twere a Noble to Nine pence, not one would fall on my head; yet, give me leave to tell you, it has been broken before now (by some Gifted with your Principles) and so has many an honest Man's besides for the same sin, *viz.* taking Unsanctify'd courses, straying from the wayes of *Righteousness*, this was the Doctrine of that Age) and treading in the forbidden paths of Allegiance; but let's be merry and wise, let's hear no more of those stories; you will tell us you have had new Lights enough to lead us out of that *Cimmerian*-darkness, had we had but so much Grace as you to follow our late Reformers; Ho Ball ho, I thank you for your love, there's Money for your Mutton. I hold it as dangerous to follow an *ignis fatuus*, as to Dance the Cushion-Dance, a man may break his shins before he is aware; Play with me but hurt me not, *via trita, via intra*. Well, plain dealing's a Jewel, whoever denies you to have a great share of Wit, may celebrate his own Festival on *Innocent's*-day, and wou'd be shrewdly suspected to want Pig sawce himself (Braines and Sage:) But, that a man may have Wit, and yet a Fool have the keeping of it, is no Modern Philosophy, *verbum sapienti: Ergo* this concerns not you Mr. M. However, let me hint thus

(9)
thus much unto you by the way, when ever Noker,
You or I undertake to Act a serious part, should we be
so jocund to dance the Hay after it, 'twere as demon-
strable as the Eclipses of the Sun and Moon, there
would be a *Galli-crista* alwayes in the middle; but,
'tis too late to think of dancing now, let me remind
you, Friend, you have had your Nap already, and I
begin to feel sand in my Eyes, wherefore, you will
tie me to you with the Cables of intollerable tough-
ness, if you will give me leave to rest,

MERRY ANDREW.

Dated at my
Mannor of
No-land in
the Isle of
Silly.

Yours in *Masquerade*

Theophilus Thorombisile.

POSTSCRIPT.

Postscript.

If this Modicum quid should peep forth in Print now, we should have you at it, Resolute Bat; the License Numps, the License, Where's the License, Ridetem dicere verum quid vetat? Besides, to your certain knowledge, Licentia omnes deteriores sumus: But, since this containes nothing against God nor the King, unless it be Blasphemy to speak against your Person; I am no more afraid than he who hid his head in a Bush, Non timeo circumspicio tantum. Although the Woodcock hide his Bill, he is to be found by a white feather in his tail: Tirar la piedra, y nasconder la Mano, carries too much of the Poltron along with it; wherefore, when ever you command the Curtain to be drawn, you may see the Effigies of your humble servant; and then, if you have skill in Palmistry, look on my Forehead and tell me my Fortune.

F I N I S.

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in a Letter

to the People of the United States

By the Author



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